

The Epitaphe vpon the Death of the

Most Excellent and our late vertuous Quene Marie, deceased,
augmented by the first Authoz,

Apyne is the blisse, & brittle is the glasse, of worldly wished welth :
The steppes vnstapde, the life vnshure, of lastyng hoped helth.
witness (alas) may Marie be, late Quene of rare renowne,
whose body dead, her vertues liue, and doth her fame resowne,
In whom suche golden giftes were grafted, of nature and of grace,
As when the tongue dyd cease to say, yet vertue spake in face.
what vertue is that was not founde, within that worthy wight:
what vice is there, that can be sayde, wherin she had delight:
She neuer closde her eare to heare, the righteous man distressed,
Nor neuer sparde her hande to helpe, wher wrong or power oppressed.
when all was wracke, she was the porte, from peryll vnto ioye,
when all was spoyle, she spared all, she pitied to distroye.
How many noble men restored, and other states also,
well she wd her Princely liberall hert, which gaue both friend & fo.
where conscience was, or pittie moued, or iust desertes dyd craue,
For Justice sake, all worldly thynges, she bled as her slaue.
As Princely was her birth, so Princely was her life,
Constance, courtise, modest, and mylde, achast and chosen wife.
In greatest stormes she feared not, for God she made her shielde,
And all her care she cast on him, who forst her foes to yelde.
Her perfecte life in all extremes, her patient hert dyd shoue,
For in this worlde she neuer founde, but dolfull dayes and woe.
All worldly pompe she set at nought, to praye was her delight,
A Martha in her kyngdemes charge, a Mary named right.
She conquered death in perfect life, and feared not his darte:
She liued to dye and dyed to liue, with constant faithful hart.
Her restless ship of toyle and care, these worldly wrackes hath past,
And safe arriveth the heavenly porte, escaped from daungers blast.
when I haue sene the Sacrament (she said) euen at her death, (c)
These eyes no earthly syght shall see, and so lefte life and breath.
O mirrour of all womanhed, o Quene of vertues pure,
O constant Marie sild with grace, no age can thee obscure (c)
Thyne end hath set the free, from tongues of tickle trust,
And lockte the lippes of flauers brute, which daily damnes the iust.
Thy death hath geuen thee life, thy life with God shall ioye,
Thy ioye shall last, thy vertues liue, from feare and all anoye.
O happie heauens, O hateful earth, O chaunge to Marie best,
Though we bewaile, thou maist reioyce, thy longe retourne to rest.
O worthy Quene, most worthy life, olampe of vertues light,
But what anayles, sith flesh is wormes, and life is deathes of right
Merry and rest may Marie fynde, whose fayth and mercy craue,
Eternall prayse here in this earth, and ioye with God to haue.
Marie is gone, whose vertues teache, of life and death the way,
Learne we that liue, her steppes to treade, and for her soule to pray.
Make for your mirrour (princes all) Marie our maistres late,
Whom teares, nor plaintes, nor princely mace, might stat in her estate
Lo, here we see, as nature formes, death doth deface at lengthe,
In life and death, pray we to God, to be our gypde and strengthe.
Farewell o Quene, o pearle most pure, that God or nature gaue,
The erth, the heauens, the sprites, the saintes, cry honor to thy graue.
Marie now dead, Elisabeth liues, our iust & lawfull Quene,
In whom her sisters vertues rare, habundantly are scene.
O bave our Quene, as we are bounde, pray God her to preserue,
And sende her grace longe life & fruite, and subiectes trouth to serue.

Finis.

Imprinted at London in Smithfelde, by Richarde Lant.